THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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VOLUME XXI. PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1035.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Spring.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

A song, a song to Merry Spring, soft welcome to her here,
She comes in light o'er glade and glen, the brightest of the year;
Her eyes are blue, as rich as those within yon laughing sky,
From 'neath her feet a thousand flowers, in ecstacy spring high.
And in the orchard, blue birds chaunt their gayest songs of love,
That thrill the newly wakened heart like music from above.

The robin pipes its merry note, the sparrow's native song
Is wafted from yon moss-browned fence, o'er meadows green along;
The wren is joyous by its nest, the swallow cheers its mate,
And see, the swift on shaft-like wing, sails o'er the house top late.
But tho' the last, his presence still, to all is doubly dear,
For with him come the lilac and the blossoms of the year.

The flowers, young Nature's gems are come, o'er hill and valleys green;
Soft daisies and bright buttercups, in golden sheen are seen.
The lily flings its lofty head, and sheds its perfume by,
And in yon nook the violet is waving with a sigh;
While on the rose, the lone wood rose, a dew-drop glistens fair
As tho' it were a tear of joy shed by an angel there.

And hark the brooklet's melody goes singing down the glen;
The snipe and plover's notes are heard beside the shaded fen;
Within the wood the squirrel leaps in joy from tree to tree,
And 'neath him skips the sportive hare, in gambols light and free;
The morning sun has kissed the brook, and flashing past the sight
The silver roach and sun-fish dart with scales of glowing light.

The Spring, the merry Spring has come, but soon will it be past,
And after comes the Summer glow, and then the Autumn blast,
And then bad dreary Winter, with his cold and icy mien,
Then, where now all is loveliness will dreariness be seen,
And naked trees shall bow them low, before the tempest gale,
Whose mocking laugh when sweeping by shall be their only wail.

Philadelphia, May, 1841.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

What Makes a Beauty?

BY SKETCHER.

"And so, Frank, you will have none other than a beauty for your wife?"

"A woman of common personal appearance shall never call me husband. No! she to whom I give my hand must possess something more than that—nay, a good deal more."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—indeed. She must have features the most regular that ever nature cut; a skin white as the driven snow; eyes as dark, and sparkling, as the Gazelle's; hair black as the raven's wing; lips finely chiselled, of ruby red; and a form tall, and stately, yet graceful as that of the Gazelle."

"Ha, ha, ha! Methinks, my good friend Frank, that you will have to search in the world of romance for your 'sweetest of life;' you will find it a somewhat hard matter to come across such a one in this sphere of realities."

"If I do not, then I will never marry."

"Pshaw! you will not, eh?"

"No, I will not."

"Then you do not believe that a woman can be charming, and not possess Gazelle eyes, ruby lips, and so forth?—that an intelligent, and cultivated mind can beautify, and light up common-place features, until they become bewitching—that an amiable temper and gentle heart, can surround her with a loveliness more irresistible than the most exquisite personal charms?"

"I do not."

"I once believed so myself, Frank, and yet you know my wife's beauty is not of the most glaring description. I would wager almost any thing that, like your humble servant, you will marry a woman of ordinary personal attractions, after all your assertions to the contrary."

"Never, Ned."

"Well, we'll see in time. I was going to ask you to go with me to-night, that I might introduce you to a witching little fairy, whom I had set my heart upon getting you to marry. But it's of no use now. You wouldn't look at her. Alas! for my first attempt at match-making! Good bye."

The above was a conversation between two young men, Frank Chesterton, and Edward Carrol, bosom friends. They were both men of fortune. The latter was, as we have seen, married; his wife, as he expressed it, did not possess personal "beauty of the most glaring description," yet was he rich in her, for she possessed that higher merit, beauty of mind. The former was single. Many a young lady of his acquaintance—and some of those too, who were accounted lovely—would have been glad to have called the handsome Frank Chesterton husband. But none of them, however dazzling, approached his exalted notions of beauty. They all alike appeared to him common-place. Why was this? It was a question he had never fully considered, and therefore, answering himself at random, concluded that it was want of more perfect contour of features instead of a more beautiful expression—a more pleasing countenance—the loveliness of which seems to depend upon the sweetness of the mind.

A few evenings after the foregoing conversation Frank went to a party at the house of a lady of the first circle in society, named Mrs. Roland. Many were the bright glances shot from sparkling eyes toward him, but he gave no more attention than what politeness required. He was not cold, or uncivil, for urbanity was natural to him, but he paid his attentions in such a manner, that they could not be mistaken for aught more than those of friendship. Having a kind word, and a warm smile for each, he glided from one to the other, until at last he found himself beside a group of beaux at the upper end of the apartment. He could not see who it was they surrounded, but just then he heard a merry peal of laughter ring out from within the circle. The tone was of silvery sweetness, and he involuntarily stopped to listen. At that instant his hostess approached him, and perceiving his curious look, asked if he wished an introduction to the lady, who, as she termed it, the bevy of gentleman was "monopolising." He assented, and at a word from Mrs. Roland the circle opened, and disclosed to Frank's view a vision of loveliness such as he had never beheld, in the shape of a young girl, apparently about nineteen years of age. She appeared to be rather under the middle height, and her form though slight, was full of grace; her hair of golden hue fell in rich clusters down her snowy neck, and her eyes were of a clear deep blue, and played and sparkled incessantly. Her features were not regular, but when gazing on her bewitching countenance one lost all recollection of their defects, so laughing and Hebe like was its expression.

"Miss Stanley, allow me to present to you, Mr. Chesterton," said Mrs. Roland,—and after a moment's conversation, she retired to another part of the room.

She was followed by a portion of the beaux who had surrounded Miss Stanley, and soon after the others dropped off, one by one,—so that eventually Frank was left alone with the fascinating stranger.

Frank was soon deep in a conversation with her, and he found that under her apparent light-hearted gaiety, flowed a strong current of that rare article in fashionable life, excellent common sense. She had, moreover, a heart alive to every warm and delicate emotion. There was no giddy trifling, no affectation in her words,—but what she said she seemed to feel, whether it excited her joyous laughter, or caused the crystal tear to dim her clear blue eye.

What was the matter with Frank Chesterton, that evening? Why did he follow the fascinating stranger whithersoever she moved? Why did he dwell upon her every look, and drink in each tone of her silvery voice? Why did he show attention to her, such as he never showed to mortal woman before? Could it have been that Cupid's arrow had found a sheath at last in his hitherto impenetrable heart? Alas! poor Frank!

When the party broke up he accompanied her to the carriage in waiting—and as he handed her into the vehicle, he asked

"When shall I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Stanley again?"

"I shall be happy to have you call upon me at No. — W—— street, any time after to-morrow—as I expect to be out of town then," was her answer.

Frank bowed.

"Good evening," she said, smiling sweetly.

"Good evening," he responded, as the carriage drove away.

"No. — W—— street!" he muttered. "Why that is the residence of Ned Carrol's father-in-law. She must either have made a mistake, or else I heard her wrong. Yet it may be so, for she told me, she had been in the city but a week, and that she was from Baltimore. She told me she was staying at her uncles'; can Mr. Norton be her uncle? However, I will ask Ned about it; though if it were Leon, I should have thought he would have informed me of it before. Yet, I will see him to-morrow about it, for she is the most beautiful being I ever beheld."

Next day, according to his determination, Frank Chesterton called at his friend's house to make the intended inquiry,—but Mr. and Mrs. Carrol, were both out for the day. He had, therefore, to content himself for the present, with leaving his card, and wondering when he should again see the fair Baltimorean.

It was about noon on the following day, when he met his friend Carrol in one of the principal streets. They had hardly walked the distance of half a square together, and Frank was about to ask him respecting Miss Stanley; when she herself, accompanied by a middle aged lady, who appeared to be her mother, was seen approaching on the opposite side of the way.

"By heavens! is she not beautiful!" said Frank, with his eyes rivetted upon her.

"Where?—who?" asked his friend.

"There—there," said Frank, still keeping his eyes upon her.

"That pretty actress, with the velvet bonnet?"

"No, no! A fig for the actress! The younger of those two ladies just behind her."

"Oh! I see."

"Is she not lovely?"

"You cannot, certainly, think so."

"I certainly do think so, Mr. Ned Carrol, and if you do not, why all I've got to say is that you're an——"

"What!" said his friend, interrupting him, "that rather plain looking young lady."

"I say she is not plain, sir. She's a sylph—an angel—a queen of beauty."

"Why that's Miss Stanley. She hasn't got the most regular features that ever nature cut," said his friend, with a most provoking smile.

"They're charming for all that."

"Her eyes are not dark and gazelle-like," continued Carrol.

"They're heavenly blue," said Frank.

"Her hair is not black as the raven's wing."

"It is of most beautiful auburn."

"Her lips are not as finely chiselled as those of a Grecian statue."

"They are like torn rose leaves, though."

"Besides, she hasn't a tall and stately form."

"But she has a graceful one."

"You must admit that many of your female acquaintances are more perfect models," continued his friend.

"Ah! yes, but then there is something winning about her that they have not. Her mind is beauteous, and imparts a sweetness to her less furnished person."

"Yes, yes, man, but then you know a woman cannot be charming without she possesses the most perfect contour of face, and form."

"Pshaw!"

"Well, well, Frank, since I find you're becoming somewhat of a sensible fellow, why I'll even venture to introduce you as my friend, to my wife's little coz. So come on: we will attend them home if you please."

The ladies had just arrived opposite, and the gentlemen crossing over, they were soon escorting them homeward.

Reader! I am not going to tire you with a long recital of love scenes—for if you have ever been in love you will know all about them, and if you have not you have no business whatever to know any thing about it—so with your permission, I will briefly say that in a twelve-month or so, subsequent to the events I have related, Mr. Frank Chesterton and Miss Ellen Stanley were united in "the silken bond that binds two willing hearts."—this same Mr. Frank Chesterton having become thoroughly convinced that *it is not perfect contour of features only that makes a beauty; but a pleasing countenance, in whose every lineament one can read of an intelligent and amiable mind.*

Philadelphia, 1841.

Foreign Magazines.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for May.

Come, Drink to the King of the Lyre.

DEDICATED TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

"The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Come, drink to the King of the Lyre,
Come, bow to his magical sway,
For his is the true attic fire,
That can only with Nature's decay.
He has won all the gems from the mine,
Earth and ocean have yielded their store,
Till his brow is as bright as the shrine
That the worshipping pilgrims adore.

When he comes in the pride of his song,
To wake all the echoes of earth,
He sweeps like a meteor along
From the cloud of its mystical birth.
O, he is the wizard to weave
The spell of the magical tone;
He speaks, and we hardly believe
That he breathes the same tongue as our own.

In the web his bright fancy has spun,
He has mingled the hues of the skies
And his metaphors glow like the sun
In the depth of their beautiful dyes.
Like the strains of his own lovely isle
He mixes the sad with the gay;
He can rainbow our hearts with a smile
Or melt them in softness away.

Some with beautiful language delight,
Some with pathos our feelings enthral,
Some with reason, or fancy more bright—
But he has the gift of them all!
Come drink to the King of the Lyre,
Come, bow to his magical sway,
For his is the true attic fire,
That can only with Nature's decay.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for May.

Fanny Fairfax.

A Tale.

CHAPTER I.

In a pretty little drawing-room, the French windows of which opened upon tolerably extensive grounds, sat a lady apparently about the middle period of life; the expression of her still handsome countenance was that of deep melancholy, and though materials for needle-work were in her hands, the blinding tears which every moment forced themselves into her eyes evidently impeded the progress of her occupation. At short intervals those tearful eyes were turned toward one of the windows, from which two figures were discerned at some distance from the house, slowly approaching it, and evidently engaged in earnest conversation. At length the lady rose from her seat, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, "Doubtless it is as I feared! all must now be known. My poor boy! O, would that Heaven had spared you this blow! But I am a fool ever to have imagined that it could be otherwise!" and throwing herself on the sofa, she covered her face with her hands, and gave free indulgence to her grief for some minutes. She was roused by the sudden opening of the French window, and a youthful and lovely female figure entered, with a hurried step, a flushed cheek, and a sparkling eye, denoting considerable agitation. She no sooner perceived the occupant of the sofa, than she rushed toward her, exclaiming as she threw herself into her arms, "O Mrs. Seymour, my more than mother, here I come, as usual, to you in all my troubles."

"Troubles, my dear Fanny!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, affecting an appearance of cheerfulness; "what is the matter? Have Charles Hargrave and you had a quarrel? I saw him with you just now."

"Quarrel! O no!—that, is—not exactly," answered Fanny hesitatingly, and coloring deeply;

SATURDAY POST.

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Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Remember that always state the Post-office *counsel from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

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J. THOMPSON, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place will please pay to subscribers or other principles, and will be kept enough to call on him.

P. L. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Brown and Mr. T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by acting with them in the matter.

THOMAS SIDERS, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us by acting with him in the above premises.

C. W. JAMES, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is well authorized to collect and receive our subscriptions, either for us or for the Southern States and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

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Local Agents.

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J. H. McEVAINE, Esq. of Maysville, Ky. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. We cordially commend him.

J. W. WILLIAMS is agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

F. CLARK, Esq. of Milton, Northumberland county, Pa. is agent for the Post and Graham's Magazine at that place.

JOHN D. ASHBURY of Jacksonville, Ill. is the agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine all re-presentations to the contrary notwithstanding. We cordially recommend him.

P. WM. H. TUTT, Esq. of Versailles, Ky. is our agent for Woodford and adjoining counties.

We recommend to Col. Chatham's speckles exact, and most lost. Tradition speaks of seven so glowing as to leave no doubt in Chatham's shop-keeper's absence. If we are to believe him and the reports of those say that while Chatham's shop-keeper possessed the more wonderful Pair was often to be seen always the more rare. Both enjoyed unrivalled success, and while they lasted the streets of Chatham daily possessed the greater number of persons, but whether they are still in Chatham, history will never

these remarks upon the ele- because his writings are meas- ld be regarded as those of a ter. Every lawyer, every states- whatever should study Burke. They will acquaint him with r his art. The "Dissertation ndale of argument and elo- trastise is wholly destitute of skilful, its remarks are so scat- its arguments are so feeble, to- strictures are so felicitous, and ngling of logic and declamation ou read with delight, and instruc- ut would yielding to mental dramas. Nor is the letter to ssion of public opinion less ould be in the library of every ith who expects to wield a pen, ion, and to accomplish the ex- ophistries, and yet so accurate We keep weekly on hand Rotzebogue to our country- ve been too much confined to ter thanks to the publication of ndome manner in which they ched out.

of the edition contain the pol- philosophical works of Rolin- ent Vattel, and Wheaton's ele- ; written chiefly at the author's during the declining years of his ed and published in a style ex- ed the huge received the proper the hands of the Cultivated Hous- mmended to the members, and e books calculated to advance s of American youth. But per- quarterly number issued, con- of fruit ordered with surpassing ture, or Rose Plum," "Large Jodman's Chagrenne Peach," Cot Honey," "Cot Heaven- Pippin or Grindstone Apple," n of the Lane or Strawberry Ap- ine," and the "Large Newton

d in the best style at $4 per an- ubscribers, at the old price We wish the publisher the us- ral enterprise deserve.

OWNAL, OR MANUAL OF THE ... *Edited and Published by* ... Philadelphia.—This is a work- ery of the annual style, containing a ngton flowers, written with much ecially for one who understands contains four specimens of the ... Rose," and the "Common Dog

with much taste, with fine hand- l paper. It is altogether as rich a man would feel proud to present ng to his mistress, and will on a ers who read the Post would feel It will find a very ready sale.

AN GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. ... Four numbers of this highly ed is already issued, splendidly Bartain's Mennonite Engravings, figures, beautifully colored, and

to any reasonable good. Among ember, are E. A. Poe, Jesse E. arbor West Thompson, William Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, W. C. Bry- author of Coasting in the Lord- potential Sea Sketches, which, be found on our fourth page, perusal.

PANAMPHIC.—This is an excel- r, and by judge by the neatness cover of the book. Mr. Rand ed guide, if for presumably can who live at a distance, however, ... Such institutions should ... copies," as they are believed to ... and the Lodge Number

AN MAYHEW, &C.—New York ... We have here a neat volume ages,—containing a brief memoir Transportation to Ireland, the Rev with an account of the rise and ... to the "Emerald Isle," and an ... ical effects of drunkenness. The ... and, and its matter well accom- ... ans.

General News.

IMPORTANT FACTS WITH REGARD TO THE NEW SCHISM.—A highly intelligent gentleman, formerly of this city, says the Louisville Journal, and now a resident of Illinois, who has spent much time in the interior of the State which are subject to the milk sickness, has communicated to us one or two important facts respecting that remarkable and formidable disease, which seem to us to be entitled to the notice of our readers. He states that an acquaintance of his, who has lived in the milk sickness district for many years, has discovered the practice of salting his cattle regularly every day, and observed that while his neighbors' cattle were affected with the disease, his own remained unscathed. This course he pursued for several years with the same result, but at length becoming careless and neglecting to salt his cattle regularly, some of them were seized with the sickness. He has communicated to his former neighbors in giving them regularly every morning as much salt as they would take, and says that since, he has not been troubled with the milk sickness among his stock. Hence he concludes that salting cattle regularly every day is an efficient protection against that disease.

It is well known that the flesh of cattle affected with the milk sickness will prove fatal when eaten fresh. The gentleman first referred to states, that the salted beef made from the same animals may be, and is, eaten with impunity.

ANOTHER MAIL ROBBERY.—The St. Louis, Mo. Republican of the 11th says, a stage driver who had been in the employ of Messrs. Woodruff & Co. of that place, from Ill., between that and Springfield, was last week committed to the Alton jail, on the charge of robbing the mail. He had a drove of 20 mules to make, mostly through a prairie, in which he would frequently encounter. After he had driven his team the usual distance, he would unhitch them, and, after he had turned them out of their enjoyment, and compelled to disagree. About 200 or 300 letters, he says, were destroyed, which, curiously enough, was restored to him, because, it had been dropped in the road, and was not found by the mail. Several robberies had been ascertained to have been committed by the driver, but this is the first robbery of which he is accused.

FROM RIO JANEIRO.—The brig Gen. Marion left at Rio Janeiro April 1st, the U. S. ship Decatur, to sail the next day for the U. S. The Columbia, 44, Com. Read, the U. S. ship Concord, to sail soon for the river Plate, and the U. S. ship Fairfield, unwell.

A new President for the Province of Rio Grande, who was to sail from Rio on the 1st April.

The Emperor was expected to leave Rio on the 1st April, on a visit to the interior.

The Brazilian papers of the 27th of March, on the 24th, Commander Ridgely received official notification of the appointment of Commander M. Waddell to the command of the San Jacinto, and on the following day all the American vessels hoisted their colors flying at half mast, and saluted with 21 guns and with French vessels of war also set their colors at half mast.

DEATH FROM A GRAZE YARD.—A very distressing case occurred in the vicinity of Baltimore, on Sunday week. One Mr. Pollock, a grocer, and his family had procured a ticket to attend a picnic party on the ground of the Rev. Mr. Somers, and some words having passed between Pollock and Mr. Grant, a neighbor, the latter struck the former a severe blow with the corner into the enclosure.—Mr. Grant, after having committed the act, made a precipitate retreat, and before upon his face; whereupon the other retired to a place convenient, and, with a pistol, shot Mr. Grant, which did great damage to his head. Here the affair ended, but it is said that such circumstances as we have carefully calculated to add to the solemnities of the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Somers.

THE INDIANS.—We learn by the Indian Queen, from Fort Smith, C. N. Indian Territory, that Gen. Burlington, Lowa, Hawkeye, that a party of Sappowas, who are friendly towards the States, recently came over an encampment of the Sioux, not far from Fort Snelling, and killed and scalped three of their men, women and children. The Chippewas retreated, and had by last accounts, reached the plains of the Sioux. They were said to have made another attempt, by firing into a Sioux encampment while the latter were asleep. The Sioux will probably be warm work between these two warlike tribes before the summer is out, if we have been correctly informed by Indians.

A LARGE UNDERTAKING.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Maine, has been attended on a journey of visitation through the northern parts of the State, which are subject to the milk sickness, has communicated to us one or two important facts respecting that remarkable and formidable disease, which seem to us to be entitled to the notice of our readers. He states that an acquaintance of his, who has lived in the milk sickness district for many years, has discovered the practice of salting his cattle regularly every day, and observed that while his neighbors' cattle were affected with the disease, his own remained unscathed. This course he pursued for several years with the same result, but at length becoming careless and neglecting to salt his cattle regularly, some of them were seized with the sickness. He has communicated to his former neighbors in giving them regularly every morning as much salt as they would take, and says that since, he has not been troubled with the milk sickness among his stock. Hence he concludes that salting cattle regularly every day is an efficient protection against that disease.

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THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH.—In the course of a letter recently addressed to the cities of Nottingham by Mr. Bright, on the present state of affairs in England, he said, that "he would hail them further, that as their boundaries reach to them, their Great Britain would rise in strength and terror, till at last they would frown over the world, free and comparatively happy realm, as the new fortifications were about to be completed, and the new fortifications were about to be completed, and the new fortifications were about to be completed, and

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Anacreontic.

Oh, Lizzy, I'm worsted—
I feel it all over;
I'm done up and bursted—
A broken-down lover!
The joys of my bosom
Have cut stick and vanish'd
I know'd I should lose 'em
When my true love you banish'd;
The world has grown dreary,
In its sackcloth of sorrow;
Of life I am weary,
And I wish that the morrow
Would dawn on my grave, in that peace-giving valley,
Where I'd care not for you, nor for Susan, nor Sally.

I know 'tis a sin to—
But I'm bent on the notion
I'll throw myself into
The deep, briny ocean,
Where mud eels and cat-fish
On my body shall root,
And flounders and flat-fish
Select me for diet;
There soundly I'll slumber
Beneath the rough billow,
And crabs without number
Will crawl o'er my pillow!
But my spirit shall wander through the gay coral bowers,
And frisk with a mermaid—it shall, by the powers!

Sunday in New England.

One of the liveliest descriptions in Göethe's Faust, is that of Sunday, as it is spent by the middling and lower classes in Germany. William Howitt alludes to this description in his "Rural Life in England," a work by the way full of the most delicious pictures of country scenes, and well worth the perusal of every man of taste, and he sets off by way of contrast his own charming account of a summer's Sunday in England. Beautiful, and true to life, undoubtedly, as both these pictures are, there is something wanting about them, by which they fail fully to realize our idea of a Sunday in the country towns of New England. Making due allowance for the difference of national manners, there is still something, even in the most remote corners of the old countries, something made up from the influence which the associations of former time, or of a national church, or of

"The old heroic halls from ages grey,"

possess over the minds of the population, which makes a wide disparity between their religious character and the fruits it produces, and our own. With all their world of beauty in the cultivated scenery around them; their luxuriant plants, and blossomed branches, and sunny walls of cottage and castle; their fair hills and flowery dales, and deep secluded vallies, they are nothing to our own New England, whose rugged mountains overshadow a people to whom the Sabbath is not only a day of rest, but of worship; and whose deep vallies in their stillness on that holy morning reflect back the pure tranquility of Heaven!

The Age of Chivalry.

Chivaly is gone; and thank God for it! Would too we could say that its remains and influences had followed it! It was evil, and its age was evil. In the inscrutable dealings of a wise Providence, it doubtless had its uses and its mission. Its mission done, what else did it deserve but to be abolished! Conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, it could no longer be allowed to cumber the earth. Its origin was in that ever-flowing fountain of bitter waters, the insane pride of the human heart. When the chief of one of those savage tribes of the North, which overran the Roman empire summoned his men to the field, the *caballerus* or cavalier, who could appear on horseback, looked with disdain on his humbler fellow vassal, who could only follow the wars on foot. In this simple fact we perceive at once the rise and the spirit of chivalry. Pedestrianism was the token of inferiority, for human nature was the same then as now, when prim "Respectability, who keeps her gig," dashes along the highway, careless what humble footmen are bespattered by her hurrying wheels. In process of time, however, it became something more, the distinction between the two classes grew wider as a new form of society was established. The horsemen became more exclusive; and we finally see them constituting a distinct order enjoying immunities and privileges, which could be entered only by a regular investiture of the candidate with arms by some conspicuous member, after sufficient proof of desert had been given.

Laborers in the "Good old Times."

It is certain that the mode of life of laborers was wretched in the extreme. Even as late as the reign of Mary, their dwellings were clay-built hovels, without flooring or chimney, their beds consisting of straw, with a hard block of wood for a pillow. Nor was their fare of the character we commonly suppose. "The roast beef of Old England," so famous in song and story, doubtless did smoke upon the table of the castle, but it was a rare sight in the cottage. Antiquarians have preserved an order of Henry the Eighth, upon the steward of his household for the rations of a Lady Lucye, probably a maid of honor in waiting on the queen, from which it appears that she took five meals daily, at three of which she ate meat, and at all of which she drank ale, finished the day with a liberal allowance of wine. At the same time, however, the ordinary diet of a ploughman was barley-bread and water-gruel. It may somewhat diminish the poetic interest we are disposed to attach to the old English harvest-home, to know that it owed its importance to the presence of cheese and mutton, articles of luxury which made its annual recurrence a holiday.

The Bible.

The Old Testament was first written in Hebrew, and afterwards translated into Greek, about 275 years before the birth of Christ, by seventy-two Jews, by order of Ptolemeus Philadelphus, king of Egypt. The precise number of the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament is unknown; those written before the years 700 or 800 it is supposed were destroyed by some decree of the Jewish senate, on account of their numerous differences from the copies then declared genuine. Those which exist in the present day were all written out between the years 1000 and 1457.

Absence of Mind.—Among the many amusing anecdotes of mind, we know of none which is more ludicrous and carries at the same time an air of probability than the following, related in Walpoliana:

"A clergyman at Oxford, who was very nervous and absent, going to read prayers at St. Mary's, heard a showman in the High street, who had an exhibition of wild beasts, repeat often, "Walk in without loss of time. All alive! alive ho!" The sounds struck the absent man, and ran in his head so much, that when he began to read the service, and came to the words in the first verse, "and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," he cried out with a louder voice, "shall save his soul alive! All alive! alive ho," to the astonishment of the congregation.

Irish Bulls.—An Irish peasant found a friend of his one night lying speechless on the side of the road, and seeing an acquaintance pass by, addressed him as follows: "Paddy, come here; sure here's Mike Murphy in the ditch, as dead as a door nail. This quarter of an hour I've been shaking him, and not a foot does wag at all!" "Mike Murphy dead!" said the other. "Oh botheration to ye, I'll engage he is not dead; sure didn't he sould his pig this morning!" On going to him and finding him dead drunk, he exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, I wish I had only one half his disease."

Discretion the Better Part of Valor.—"Mr. Smith you have insulted me!" "Have I?" "Have you! yes you have. "Possible." "Yes, possible! Here's a brace of pistols, sir, choose one and name your distance." "Humph! well, reckon this one will shoot pretty smart." "Well, sir, name your distance." "O, must I name the distance?" "Surely sir." "Well—let me see—humph—yes ———." "Be quick sir." "The distance must be—let me see." "How much sir?" "Well—reckon *a mile will do*."

Throwing over a Buoy.—A captain at sea once ordered an Irishman, a green hand, to throw over the buoy. The captain then went below, but coming on deck soon after, asked the other if he had thrown over the buoy: he replied, "I could not catch the *boy*, so I throwed over the *ould cook!*" It was well that he was a good swimmer, for he was almost drowned when dragged on board.

City Habits.—A gentleman from Boston, on a visit to his friend in the country, speaking of the times, observed that his wife had lately expended fifty dollars for a habit. His friend replied, "Here in the country we don't allow our wives to *get into such habits*."

Light as Possible.—A lady going into a tea-shop in Leith, and buying a pound of tea, the merchant said he would send it home. "Oh, no," said she, "it is not inconvenient, as it is light." "Why," said he, "it is as light as I could possibly make it."

A Pun.—The pun latest received from London is the following:

The young man, Jones, who had so often made his way mysteriously in the royal palace, has received the appropriate appellation—"In-I-go Jones."

An Abyssinian Belief.—The Abyssinians believe that Salniel, the chief of the rebel angels, is 100,700 cubits in height, angelic measure; that his eye-brows are three days journey asunder, and that it takes him just a week to turn his eyes.

The Strongest Man.—"My son, hold up your head and tell me who was the strongest man?" "Jonah." "Why so?" "'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he had got him down." "That's a man, you can take your seat."

Broken Up.—"Well, mother, the foundations of the great deep have broken up at last." "What do you mean, Timothy?" "My trowsers have got a hole in 'em, that's what I mean."

American Monthlies.

From Graham's Magazine, for June.

The Reefer of '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

The Ship's Boy.

"Hilloo!" said Westbrook, "who's skulking here?" and he pushed his foot against a dark heap, huddled up under the shade of one of the guns. As he did so, a slight, pale-faced, sickly-looking boy started up. "Ah! its you, Dick, is it?—why I never before thought you'd skulk—there, go—but you mustn't do it again, my lad."

The boy was a favorite with all on board. He had embarked at Newport, and was, therefore, a new hand, but his quiet demeanor, as well as a certain melancholy expression of face he always wore, had won him a way to our hearts. Little was known of his history, except that he was an orphan. Punctual in the discharge of his duties, yet holding himself aloof from the rest of the boys, he seemed to be one, who although he had determined to endure his present fate, was yet conscious of having seen better days. I was the more confirmed in my belief that he had been born to a higher station from the choice of his words in conversation, especially with his superiors. His manner, too, was not that of one brought up to buffett roughly against fortune. That one so young should be thrust, unaided, out into the world, was a sure passport for him to my heart, for his want of parents was a link of sympathy uniting us together; and we had, therefore, always been as much friends as the relative difference of our situations, on board a man-of-war would allow. Yet even I, so great was his reserve, knew little more of his history than the rest of my shipmates. Once, indeed, when I had rendered him some little kindness, such as an officer always has it in his power without much trouble to himself, to bestow upon an inferior, his heart had opened, and he had told me, more by hints though than in direct words, that he had lost his father and mother and a little sister, within a few weeks of each other, and that, houseless, penniless and friendless, he had been forced to sea by his only remaining relatives, in order that he might shift for himself. I suspected that he did not pass under his real name. But whatever had been his former lot, or however great were his sufferings, he never repined. He went through his duty silently, but sadly, as if—poor child!—he carried within him a breaking heart.

"Please, sir," said he, in reply to Westbrook's address, "its but a minute any how I've been here."

"Well, well, Dick, I believe you," said the warm-hearted midshipman. "But there go eight bells, and as your watch is up, you may go below. What! crying—fie, fie, my lad, how girl-hearted you have grown."

"I am not girl-hearted always," sobbed the little fellow, looking up into his superior's face, "but I couldn't help crying when I thought that to-night a year ago my mother died, and I crept under the gun so that no one might see and laugh at me, as they do at every one here. It was just at this hour she died," he continued, chokingly, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, "and she was the only friend I had on earth."

"Poor boy! God bless you!" said Westbrook, mentally, as the lad, finishing his passionate exclamation, turned hastily away.

It was my watch, and as Westbrook met me coming on deck, he paused a moment, and said,

"Do you know any thing about that poor little fellow, I mean Dick Rasey? God help me I've been rating him for skulking, when the lad only wanted to hide his grief for his mother from the jests of the crew. I wouldn't have done it for any thing."

"No—he has always maintained the greatest reserve respecting himself. Has he gone below?"

"Yes! who can he be? It's strange I feel such an interest in him."

"Poor child!—he has seen better days, and this hard life is killing him. I wish he could distinguish himself some how—the skipper might then take a fancy to him and put him on the quarter deck."

"What a dear little middy he would make," said Westbrook, his gay humor flashing out through his sadness, "why we havn't got a cocked-hat aboard that wouldn't bury him up like an extinguisher, or a dirk to spare which isn't longer than his whole body."

"Shame, Jack—its not a matter for jest—the lad is dying by inches."

"Ah! you're right, Parker; I wish to heaven the boy had a birth aft here. But now I must go below, for I'm confoundedly sleepy. You'll have a lighter watch of it than I had. The moon will be up directly—and there, by Jove! she comes—look how gloriously her disc slides up behind that wave. But this is no time for poetry, for I'm as drowsy as if I was about to sleep, like the old fellow in the Arabian story, for a matter of a hundred years or more, or even like the seven sleepers of Christendom, who fell into a doze some centuries back, and will come to life again the Lord knows when," and with a long yawn, my mercurial messmate gave a parting glance at the rising luminary, and went below.

The spectacle to which Westbrook had called my attention was indeed a glorious one. The night had been somewhat misty, so that the stars were obscured, or but faintly visible here and there; while the light breeze that scarcely ruffled the sea, or sighed above a whisper in the rigging, had given an air of profound repose to the scene. When I first stept on deck the whole horizon was buried in this partial obscurity, and the view around, excepting in the vicinity of the *Fire-Fly*, was lost in misty indistinctness. A few moments, however, had changed the aspect of the whole scene. When I relieved the watch the eastern horizon was shrouded in a veil of dark, thick vapors—for the mists had collected there in denser masses than any where else—while a single star, through a rent in the midst of that weird-like canopy, shone calmly upon the scene: but now the fog had lifted up like a curtain from the seaboard in that quarter, and a long greenish streak of light, stretching along for several points, and against which the dark waves undulated in bold relief, betokened the approach of the moon. Even as Westbrook spoke, the upper edge of her disc slid up above the watery horizon, disappearing and appearing again as the surges rose and fell against it, until gradually the huge globe lifted its whole vast volume above the seaboard, and while the edge of the dark canopy above shone as if lined with pearl, a flood of glorious light, flickering and dancing upon the billows, was poured in a long line of molten silver across the sea toward us, bathing hull, and spars, and sails in liquid radiance, and seeming to transpose us in a moment into a fairy land. Such a scene of unrivalled beauty I had never beheld. The contrast betwixt the dark vapors hanging over the moon, and the dazzling brilliancy of her wake below was indeed magnificent. I looked in mute delight. The few stars above were at once obscured by the brighter glories of the moon. Suddenly, however, as I gazed, a dark spec appeared upon the surface of the moon, and in another instant the tall masts and exquisite tracery of a ship could be seen, in bold relief against her disc, the fine dark lines of the hamper seeming like the thinnest cobwebs crossing a burnished shield of silver. So plainly was the vessel seen that her minutest spars were perceptible as she rose and fell gallantly on the long swell.

"Ay! my fine fellow," I exclaimed, "we have you there. Had it not been for yonder pretty mistress of the night you would have passed us unseen. Make all sail at once—and bear up a few points more so as to get the weather gauge of the stranger."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How gallantly the old schooner eats into the wind," I said, gazing with admiration on our light little craft. I turned to the chase. "Has the stranger altered her course?" I asked, looking for her in the old position, but finding she was no more visible.

"No, sir, I saw her but an instant ago: oh! there she is—that fog bank settling down on the seaboard hid her from sight. You can see her now just to leeward of the moon, sir."

I looked, and as the man had said, perceived that the dark massy bank of vapors, which had lifted as the moon rose, was once more settling down on the seaboard, obscuring her whole disc at intervals, and shrouding every thing in that quarter in occasional gloom. For a moment the strange sail had been lost in this obscurity, but as the moon struggled through the clouds, it once more became visible just under the northern side of that luminary. Apparently unconscious of our vicinity the stranger was stealing gently along under easy sail, pitching upon the long undulating swell, while, as he lay almost in the very wake of the moon, every part of his hull and rigging was distinctly perceptible.—Not a yard, however, appeared to have been moved: not an additional sail was set. Occasionally we lost sight of him, as the moon wading heavily through the sombre clouds, became momentarily obscured, although even then, from beneath the frowning canopy of vapors above, a silvery radiance would steal out at the edges of the clouds, tipping the masts and sails of the stranger with a soft pearly light that looked like enchantment itself, and which, contrasted with the dark hues of the hull and the gloomy deep beneath, produced an effect such as I have never seen surpassed in nature or art.

Meanwhile the wind gradually failed us, until at length it fell a dead calm. All this time the fog was settling down more heavily around us, not gathering in one compact mass however, but lying in patches scattered over the whole expanse of the waters, and presenting a picture such as no one, except he is familiar with a tropical sea, can imagine. In some places the ocean was entirely clear of the fog, while a patch of cold, blue sky above, spangled with innumerable stars, that shone with a brilliancy unknown to colder climes, looked as if cut out of the mists, which on every hand around covered the sky as with a veil. At times a light breeze would spring up ruffling the polished surface of the swell, and, undulating the fog as smoke-wreaths in the morning air, would open up, for a moment, a sight of some new patch of blue sky above, with its thousand brightly twinkling stars, reminding one of the beautiful skies we used to dream of in our infant slumbers; and then, dying away as suddenly as it arose, the mists would undulate uncertainly an instant, roll toward each other, and twisting around in a thousand fantastic folds, would finally close up, shrouding the sky once more in gloom, and settling down bodily upon the sombre surface of the deep. At length the moon became wholly obscured. A few stars only could be seen flickering fainter and fainter far up in the fathomless ether, and finally, after momentarily appearing and disappearing, they vanished altogether. A profound gloom hung on all around. The silence of death reigned over our little craft. Even the customary sounds of the swell rippling along our sides, or the breeze sighing through the hamper faded entirely, and save an occasional creaking of the boom, or the sullen falling of a reef-point against the sail, not a sound broke the repose of the scene. The strange sail had long since been lost sight of to starboard. So profound was the darkness that we could scarcely distinguish the look-out at the forecastle from the quarter-deck. Silent and motionless we lay, shut in by that dark shroud of vapor, as if buried by some potent enchanter in a living tomb.

"Hist!" said a reefer of my watch to me, "don't you hear something, Mr. Parker?"

I listened attentively, and though my hearing was proverbially sharp, I could distinguish nothing for several moments. At length, however, the little fellow pinched my arm, and inclining my ear to the water, I heard a low monotonous sound like the smothered rollicking of oars that had been muffled. At first I could not credit my senses, but, as I listened again, the sound came more distinctly to my ears, seeming to grow nearer and nearer.—There could be no mistaking it. Directly, moreover, these sounds ceased, and then was heard a low murmured noise, as if human voices were conversing together in stifled tones. At once it flashed upon me that an attack was contemplated upon us—by whom I knew not—though it was probable that the enemy came from the strange sail to starboard. It was evident, however, that the assailants were at fault. My measures were taken at once.

Hastily ordering the watch to arm themselves in quiet, I ordered the men to be called silently; and, as by this time the look-outs began to detect the approach of our unknown visitors, I enjoined equal silence upon them, commanding them at the same time, however, to keep a sharp eye to starboard, in order to learn, if possible, the exact position of the expected assailants.

In a few minutes the men were mustered, and prepared for the visitors, whether peaceful or not. Most of the officers, too, had found their way on deck, although as it was uncertain as yet whether it might not be a false alarm, I had not disturbed the skipper. Westbrook was already, however, prepared for the fight, and as I ran my eye hastily over the crew I thought I saw the slight form of Dick Rasey, standing among them.

"Can you hear any thing, Westbrook?" said I.

"It's like the grave?" was his whispered answer.

"Pass the word on for the men to keep perfectly quiet, but to remain at their stations."

"Ay, ay, sir."

For some minutes the death-like silence which had preceded the discovery of our unknown visitors returned, and as moment after moment crept by without betraying the slightest token of the vicinity of the assailants, I almost began to doubt my senses, and believe that the sounds I had heard had been imaginary. The most profound obscurity meantime reigned over our decks. So great was the darkness that I could only distinguish a shadowy group of human beings gathered forward, without being able to discern distinctly any one face or figure; while the only sound I heard, breaking the hush around, was the deep, but half-suppressed breathing of our men. Suddenly, however, when our suspense had become exciting even to nervousness, a low, quick sound was heard right off our starboard quarter, as if one or more boats, with muffled oars, were pulling swiftly on to us; while almost instantaneously a dark mass shot out of the gloom on that side, and before we could realise the rapidity of their approach, the boat had struck our side, and her crew were tumbling in over the bulwarks, cutlass in hand. Our preparation took them, however, by surprise, and for a moment they recoiled, but instantly rallying at their leader's voice, they poured in upon us again with redoubled fierceness, cheering as they clambered up our sides, and struggled over the bulwarks.

"Beat them back, Fire-Flies!" I shouted, "give it to them with a will, boys—strike."

"Press on, my lads, press on—the schooner's our own!" shouted the leader of the assailants.

Levelling my pistol at the advancing speaker, and waving our men on with my sword, I gave him no answer, but fired. The pistol flashed in the pan. In an instant the leader of the foe was upon me, having sprung over the bulwarks as I spoke. He was a tall, athletic man, and lifting his sword high above his head, while in his other hand he presented a pistol toward my breast, he dashed upon me. I parried his thrust with my blade, but as he fired I felt a sharp pain in my arm, like the puncture of a pin. I knew that I was wounded, but it only inspired me with fiercer energy. I made a lunge at him, but he met it with a blow of his sword, which shivered my weapon to atoms. Springing upon my gigantic adversary, I wreathed my arms around him, and endeavored to make up for the want of a weapon, by bearing him to the deck in my arms; but my utmost exertions, desperate as they were, scarcely sufficed to stagger him, and shortening his blade, he was about plunging it into my heart, when a pistol went off close beside me, and my antagonist, giving a convulsive leap, fell dead upon the deck. I freed myself from his embrace and sprang to my feet, just in time to see little Dick, with the smoke still wreathing from the mouth of his pistol, borne away by the press of the assault. In the next instant I lost sight of him in the melee, which now became really terrific. Hastily snatching a brand from one of the fallen men, I plunged once more into the fight, for the enemy having been by this time reinforced by another boat, were now pouring in upon us in such numbers that the arm of every man became absolutely necessary. It was indeed a desperate contest. Hand to hand, and foot to foot we fought; desperation on the one hand, and a determination to conquer on the other, lent double fury to the crews; while the clash of swords, the explosion of fire-arms, the shouts of the combatants, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, gave additional horror to the scene. By this time our captain had reached the deck, and his powerful voice was heard over all the din of the battle urging on his men. The fall of the enemy's leader began now to be generally known among his crew, and the consequence was soon apparent in their wavering and want of unity. In vain the inferior officers urged them on; in vain they found their retreat cut off by the shot we had hove into their boats; in vain they were reminded by their leaders that they must now conquer or die, they no longer fought with the fierceness of their first onset, and though they still combatted manfully, and some of them desperately, they had lost all unity of purpose, and, struck with a sudden panic, at a last overwhelming charge of our gallant followers, they fled in disorder, some leaping wildly overboard, some crying for quarter when they could retreat no farther, and all of them giving up the contest as lost. Not a soul escaped. They who did not fall in the strife were either drowned in the panic-struck flight, or made prisoners. The whole contest did not last seven minutes. When they found themselves deserted by their men the officers sullenly resigned their swords, and we found that our assailants were a cutting out party from the ship to starboard, an English frigate.

The man-of-war had not, it seems, discovered us until some time after the moon arose, when her light, happening to fall full upon our sails, betrayed us to their look-outs. The darkness almost directly afterward obscured us from sight, and the calm that ensued forbade her reaching us herself. Her boats were consequently manned, with the intention of carrying us by boarding. The most singular portion of it was that none of us perceived that the stranger was a man-of-war, but this may be accounted for from her being built after a new model, which gave her the appearance of a merchantman.

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured; the decks had been washed down; my wound which turned out slight had been properly attended to, and the watch had once more resumed their monotonous tread; while at proper intervals, the solemn cry, "all's well," repeated from look-out to look-out, betokened that we were once more in security, before I sought my hammock. I soon fell asleep, but throughout the night I was troubled by wild dreams in which Beatrice, the ship's boy, and the late strife, were mingled promiscuously. At length I awoke. It was still dark, and the only light near was a single lantern hung at the extremity of the apartment. My fellow messmates around were all buried in sleep. Suddenly the surgeon's mate stood beside me.

"Mr. Parker!" said he.

I raised myself up and gazed curiously into his face.

"Little Dick, sir—" he began.

"My God!" I exclaimed, for I had actually forgotten, in the excitement of the combat and the succeeding events, to enquire about my young preserver, and I now felt a strange presentiment that the mate had come to acquaint me with his death—"what of him. Is any thing the matter?" I asked eagerly.

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying here," I exclaimed, reproachfully, "while the poor boy is dying," and I sprang at once from my hammock, hurried on my clothes, saying, "lead me to him at once."

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir," and as the man spoke, we stood by the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was really stifling; but he had been carried to a place, nearly under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calmly it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chesnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his little head reposing in the lap of an old vetern, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying, had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes as if he suffered the greatest agony. Another battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt beside him, with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes. The surgeon said,—

"He is going fast,—poor little fellow—do you see this?" and as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer, for my heart was full. Here was the being to whom, but a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow,—and yet I had never known of his danger, and never even sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head—said sadly,

"Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore again you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—thank God!—when your log's out, to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked in a low voice. "Why won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand, "don't you know me Dick?"

"Doctor, I am dying ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Parker, for this. I see you now," and he faintly pressed my hand.

"Can I do nothing for you, Dick?" said I, "you saved my life. God knows I would coin my own blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask, only, if it be possible, let me be buried by my mother,—you will find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk."

"Anything—everything, my poor lad," I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky, far overhead. His mind wandered.

"It is a long—long way up there,—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from them. Hark! is that music?" and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening intently for a moment. He fell back; and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it.

I opened his trunk, and then discovered his real name. Out of mercy to the unfeeling wretches, who were his relatives, and who had forced him to sea, I suppress it. Suffice it to say, his family had once been rich, but that reverses had come upon them. His father died of a broken heart, nor did his mother long survive. Poor boy! I could not fulfil the whole of his injunction, for we were far out at sea,—but I caused a cenotaph to be erected for him beside his mother's grave. It tells the simple tale of The Ship's Boy.

Natural Piety.

BY M. HOWITT.

A little boy in thoughtful mood,
Alone, a woodland path pursued,
Beneath the evening's tranquil sky,
He thought not where, he knew not why.

He watch'd the sunset fade away,
Leaving the hills with summits grey;
He saw the first faint stars appear,
And the far river's sound came near.

The birds were hush'd, the flowers were closed,
The kine along the ground reposed;
All active life to gentle rest,
Sank down, as on a mother's breast.

All sounds, all sights, of earth and sky,
Came to his ear, and to his eye,
Until from these absorbed, forgot
They were, and he perceived them not.

Though from his home and friends apart,
No sense of fear disturb'd his heart,
Though round him were dark shadows thrown,
He did not feel himself alone.

Touch'd by an influence and a power
He never felt until that hour,
The language of his eyes was meek,
And the warm tears were on his cheek.

He did not kneel, he did not pray,
No thought through utterance found its way;
His feelings could no language find—
For God *was present in his mind.*

On the Progress of Improvement.

Such, my hearers, is the spirit of improvement. Like the overflowing of a stream that covers and enriches the valley, it betters the natural and social condition of man, opens wide the avenues to the temple of reason, and expands the young buds of prosperity. Brush away the fog of a couple of centuries, and take a look at this, our native land, as it then appeared. Here, upon the Atlantic shore the scream of the panther arose on the midnight air with the savage war-whoop, and the pale-faced pilgrim trembled for the safety of his defenceless home. He planted his beans in fear and gathered them in trouble—his chickens and his children were plundered by the foe—and life itself was in danger of leaking out from between the logs of his hut, even if it were fortified with three muskets, a spunky wife, and a jug of whiskey. Yes, my friends, this was then a wild, gloomy, and desolate place. Where the Indian squaw hung her young papoose upon the bough, and left it to squall at the hush-a-by of the blast, the anglo-saxon mother now rocks the cradle of her delicate babe on the carpet of peace, and in the gay parlor of fashion. The wild has been changed to a blooming garden, and its limits are expanding with the mighty genius of Liberty. On Erie's banks the flocks are straying o'er thymy pastures, and a few Dutchmen (but no shepherds) are already piping there. The yells of fierce savages now faintly echo from beyond the waters of the Mississippi, and the time is not far off when the last Indian will leave his bones to bleach on the rock-bound coast of the Pacific.

My hearers—this damsel Improvement, who drives ahead so on the car of Time, is working astonishments in this little world of ours; but I believe the day will come, as it has before, when one single puff from the bellows of Fate will sweep all her fancy work into the dust-pan of oblivion, and leave her to commence anew, even as the rough gale snaps the frail cordage of the spider's morning task, leaving him to begin again, under the protecting bankrupt law of nature.

To conclude, my dear friends, permit me to remark that all outward improvements are of but little real use to man and benefit to the world, unless the internal arrangements are improved also. I don't mean such internal improvements as arise from plum puddings, pork and beans, beef steak, and other etceteras; but such as spring from a proper culture of the heart. It is the *mind* that needs improving the first of all; because on that hook are hung our characters, our honors, and our everlasting happiness. It is contemptuous folly for us to take so much pains in titivating off the perishable things around us with the ornaments of art, while the intellect remains an uncultivated waste, overgrown with the rankest weeds of depravity.—There is too much spurious morality in the market, and it ought to be detected. If you were to shut yourselves up in the dark dungeons of your own souls for a few moments, and there be haunted by the demons of vice that frequent them, I am sure you would struggle to break loose from their horrors, and court the friendship of the fair goddess, Virtue, whose abiding place is earth, but whose home is beyond the regions of the sun, eternal in the heavens. So mote it be!

Study Nature.

To excite the mind, and supply it with ideas, go rather to *nature* than to books. The heavens and the earth offer food to the soul. Would you have pure and original thoughts? Go to the only pure and original fountain of ideas—nature. There lie on all her pages, the beautiful and the sublime. Go send your soul to pillow herself upon the green earth, or enthrone herself upon the heavens; bid her sail upon the whirlwind, step into the terrific tempest; place her ear to the thunder, and open her eye upon the lightning's path. She shall meet with ideas of beauty and of grandeur, and hold fellowship with Him who maketh the earth his footstool, the heavens his throne, the thunder his voice, the clouds his chariot, and whose footsteps are on the wings of the wind. What is the secret of success in medicine, in law, in divinity, in oratory? Thought. Who is the distinguished doctor? lawyer? divine? He who is given to patient observation and reflection. Show me the philosopher who was more fond of books than of nature. Was it Aristotle, who gave laws to Europe for more than thirteen centuries? Was it Bacon, who poured such a flood of light upon the fields of philosophy? Was it Newton, who unraveled the laws of the universe? Was it Locke, who applied the principles of the inductive philosophy to mind? Was it Bichat, who carried the same principles into the physiological sciences? No, no.

Man's Mortality.

He who visits the everlasting pyramids and catacombs, must be impressed with a deep sense of his mortality. He must realize the force of what Horace says, "Death is the utmost limit of earthly things." As a mighty conqueror, he sways his sceptre over men and empires. The pride of princes and the haughtiness of kings vanish at his approach. The hero, who has slaughtered millions, must yield *himself* a victim. The conqueror of mighty Babylon slumbers in the tomb with his fathers, and the fallen hero of Waterloo sleeps in undisturbed solitude. Cicero is silent, and the irresistible appeals of the impassioned Demosthenes are no longer heard in the forums of Greece. These men, with their thousands of spell-bound hearers, are no more. Shadows overspread them, and long since they have mingled with the dead. Where are the millions that once crowded the ancient cities of Palmyra, of Nineveh, of Thebes, of Jerusalem, of Athens, and of Carthage? Echo answers, "Where?"

Classes in Feudal Times.

At the beginning of the eleventh century, when the feudal system was fairly established throughout Europe, and chivalry was beginning to display its splendor, the population was divided into two classes,—masters and slaves. The latter were known as serfs, and from their dwelling in little clusters of huts, or ville, on the domain of their lords, as *villeins*. It is worthy of note, as an indication of the spirit of the time, that this term, with others used to designate the poor, such as *knave* and *churl*, has descended to us as a term of reproach, used only in the worst sense. The class of serfs had been found in servitude by the Germanic tribes, when they overran the Empire, or had been reduced to it by conquest and violence.—Freemen appear also to have sold themselves into slavery, during seasons of want, to escape starvation. There existed always, in France more particularly, a few free allodial proprietors, not noble, but most of them were obliged to acknowledge themselves the vassals of some suzerain, in order to escape the rapacity of the nobility at large. A small number of the wealthier purchased safety by the payment of an annual fine, and maintained the position of clients, rather than of vassals, whence freedom did not necessarily imply nobility. The mass, however, were in a state of unmitigated slavery. The master had the power of life and death in most cases, and in all could imprison his serfs at will, "being," says a writer of the time, "accountable to none but God." He had an unbounded right to their labor and its fruits. They could be impledged for the the payment of debts, or sold as merchandise, although sometimes attached to the soil, and transferable only with it. They were frequently sold into foreign lands. Shortly after the conquest, large numbers of English serfs were sold into Scotland and Ireland, and the early merchants of Venice made Europeans as plenty in the slave-markets of the Saracens, as Georgians are at Constantinople now. They could not testify against a freeman in courts of justice. They might be branded or marked, so as to be more readily identified. And an Anglo-Saxon law enjoins every man to "know his own team of men, of horses, and of oxen." Of so little value were they in Arragon, that in the case of difficult partition of an estate, the sons of the deceased master might resort to Solomon's judgment, and divide the subject of dispute in pieces by the sword. Marriage was unknown among them for ages, no priest condescending to bless the union, which he taught them to consider a holy sacrament. When it was allowed among them, they could not wed without the lord's license, and great precautions were taken to prevent their intermarriage with those of purer blood. Among the Lombards, the woman who married a serf might be lawfully killed by her relations; while in France she became a serf also. By a law of Pepin, if a freeman married a villein, believing her to be free, he might repudiate her at will.

A Song and a Bell of Death.

Fate draws our fragile web, as a single filament into her own, and links together our small hearts and moist eyes, as mere points of color, in the great figures of her curtain, which does not hang before us, but of which we are the component parts. Fate is now playing with me, and near me, and wills that I know it not. Is she more concerned in the polishing of a beetle's eye, or the feathering of a butterfly's wing, than in the directing and the coloring of human thoughts? Melting bodies liquefy if you shake them: and, in my melting mood, the unknown hand shakes me by two opposing tones, as by the simultaneous ringing of the alarm and harmonica-bell.

I hear, namely, a voice in song and a tolling bell.

Now, between the tones of the voices of evening, my carriage, unsteadily, and reclining, ascends the mountain of my sojourn; the day is softly dying, in a cloud of flowers, to its swan-song; the avenues and gardens speak in whispers, as men do when they are moved; and round the leaves fly zephyrs, and round the blossoms bees, delicately murmuring; the larks alone, like man, are loud in their quavering as they soar aloft, and then, like him, are mute as they fall back into the furrows; whereas the great in soul and the ocean, inaudibly and viewless as they ascend heavenwards, roar sublimely as in water-falls and water-spouts, they rush down and fertilize the valleys.

In a country house, by the steep of the mountain road, an unspeakably sweet tone, like a trembling lark, is ascending out of a female throat. The sound is as though the spring flew singing out of the firmament, and sustaining one enraptured tone, hung with outstretched pinions over the earth, until flowers had sprung up beneath her for her throbbing couch. But thy tongue, cruel musical science, like the lion's, passes over, tickles, and warms the naked heart, until its every vein bleeds.

And, in harsh contrast to this voice, issue, from a convent behind Neuengleichen, the tones of the passing-bell. The monks toll this bell when any one is dying, that some sympathizing soul may pray for the prostrate one, whom the last angel, before releasing his spirit, has shrouded in darkness, as we bind the eyes, before we amputate a limb. Did it rest with me, unknown departing one, I would silence the death-bell, that into the dark scene of thy last struggle no echo of the forgotten earth might intrude and (since *hearing is* the last sense which leaves us) cruelly inform thee of the moment in which thou art lost to us forever, as aeronauts announce by a cannon-shot the moment of their departure from amid the spectators. But to-day I would do so for my own sake also; for the two tones, like the scissors of the Fates, open and then close, and then cut, one upon the other, deep into my writhing heart.—*Jean Paul.*

Venice.

After fourteen centuries' dominion over the seas; after having filled the universe with her splendor and her glory; Venice died obscurely in one corner of her lagoons, and the sepulchre of a great nation has served as a pedestal to the young conqueror of Italy.

Bonaparte! in consumating this impious deed, didst thou not feel remorse at heart, which seemed to say, "Thou art a murderer." Couldst thou, young man, see death seize on so beautiful a life, and the Austrian eagle hover over the noble corpse to devour it, with a tearless eye? Oh! thy soul must have bled in the presence of such a calamity!—so deep, so sudden, that the history of the world offers none to equal it!

Truly, it was in the destiny of both—great man and powerful city—that ye should meet face to face, that one might be annihilated! Thou hast accomplished thy mission, and one stroke of the pen executed this infernal sentence, in which *thou* didst act only the part of executioner.

Where is the artist, where the upright man, who can refuse tears to this great moral calamity, the hero of which is a whole nation!—to this assassination of a celebrated city, whose voice of complaint is the roaring of the sea in its channels!—whose sole issue through eyes of marble and stone! Would you realize a dream? Would you scan and touch with the eye and finger those vast piles which the imagination often creates in the exhalations of sleep? Would you conjure up those wonderful palaces, where the Aarban and Gothic twine and embrace in singular colonnades; where the trefoil and ogee, innumerably reproduced, seem to be curiously peeping through the walls, to behold themselves in the facets of the waves? The gondolas of Mestre and Fusinæ will transport you to Venice; to that holy shrine of pilgrimage where Byron bent his knee—that knee which had never bent, not even before God! For of all the cities of the world, Venice is the artist city. Venice is the daughter of the arts. She owes nothing to *earth.* The very sod she tramples on, was conquered from Nature; she disputes it day by day with the Sea. The water which quenches her thirst is received from Heaven as well as the genius of her artists and her heroes.

Desultory Reading.

There are some who have fallen into the sad mistake, that *reading is a substitute for thinking.* This has been the curse of thousands. The age is emphatically a reading one. We read in infancy, in childhood, in manhood and old age, literally, we read ourselves from the cradle to the tomb. Scarce has an infant time to open its eyes upon the world, before it is tied to a stool to learn its book; and a man is considered an ignoramus, unless he has read a line of pages large enough to reach from the earth to the moon. It often happens that a father congratulates himself upon the genius of his son, and the sure omens of his future eminence, simply because *he is fond of reading.* He seems to think the mind a repository, and that the process of making a great man consists in filling it up with books, and then putting it into some important situation in life to give occasion to its operations; as though the soul were a tea-kettle, and you could fill it up, and set it over the fire, and produce the breathings of genius *ad libitum.* To such a father I would say, beware, lest thy son prove an intellectual epicure—a dreaming fool. Such a caution is more necessary at this period, because much of our reading matter is worthless. It must be admitted that literature is increased, but is it not also diluted? Authors are multiplied, but is genius advanced? Every thing now is done by steam. Books are written and read in a hurry. There is evidently a degeneracy in the *producing* mind. Books seem to make up in size what they lack in sense, and often, a gram of the solid gold of an old author is hammered into a flimsy octavo, to be called a "new book." The eccentric John Randolph once remarked in Congress, that he wished there were but two books in the world, "the Bible and Will Shakspeare."

Beautiful Extract.

Genius is not to be wasted on the mere personal enjoyment of its possessor. He is not idly to follow the eccentric impulses of imagination, because he loves to wander in a maze of luxurious thought, to dream delicious pleasure in the sunshine, or listen entranced to the voice of nature, "telling of things which no gross ear can hear." This were to abuse the gift, to bury a treasure which might have enriched a world, and to obscure a light which should have led to heaven from whence it came. The birds sing out their thankfulness, the flowers shed forth their incense, the stream murmurs praise, there is a whisper of God's love in the breeze, and the leaves it plays among are tremulous with joy; and to be silent amongst them all, to have the soul filled with beauty and delight, yet keep it locked like a miser's chest, is to be ungrateful to God, and unfaithful to man.

To my Infant.

FROM WORDSWORTH.

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain;
Then, little darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

The American Indians.

When I first saw the Mississippi there wasn't a white man had ever crossed the Black Hills, or woke with his rifle the echoes of the Rocky Mountains. Lewis and Clarke were boys at school, and as for Rodman—egad! he wasn't thought of. The vast prairies which lie at the base of the Cordellias, stretching for hundreds of leagues toward the Mississippi, had never heard the voice of a pale-face, or felt the foot of civilization on their velvet surface. All was wild, solitary, and sublime. Even the traders—your legal swindlers!—hadn't yet penetrated this wilderness,—and the beaver built, the buffalo herded, the eagle soared, and the red-men—God bless them!—hunted safe from Christian rapine and wrong. It's different now. The prairies are well nigh deserted—the buffalo in ten years will be exterminated—and the poor Indians, stripped of their sustenance, with nothing to eat but roots, will be compelled either to starve, or joining in a vast confederacy, to burst like a storm of fire upon our frontier, wrapping a hundred villages in flames, and immolating themselves amid the slaughter of our countrymen. It's a fearful picture, and God forbid it should be! But I know the men, I have spent years among them, and—mark my words—*it can come to nothing else.* There is a God above us, and he will avenge their wrongs upon this people in tears of blood. He says to nations as well as men "vengeance is mine, I WILL REPAY." Rome perished for her centuries of perfidy,—Babylon was shivered in his hands like a potter's vessel—and France expiated the massacres of St. Bartholomew and Robespierre, the one in the wars of the League, the other in the Reign of Terror, Moscow, Leipsic, and the rout of Waterloo. Spain too hunted the poor Indians with bloodhounds, and of all her once gigantic colonies what are now left to her? God forgive the men who are repeating it in Florida—they are preparing an awful retribution for this country!—*Jeremy Short.*

On the Days of Autumn.

We all know, my friends, that the silk-worm lays its eggs and dies; and so it is with Nature—she, also, drops her ovaries upon the ground, and crawls into her annual sepulchre. She is now expiring upon her autumnal couch, and her faded wardrobe lies scattered about in every room, closet, and corner of the universe. Her summer glories are fading fast away, but she goes smiling down to the grave, and blushes at the approach of the bridegroom, Death, as a young and beautiful bride blushes before the hymeneal altar, and over the tomb of her past virgin delights. Ere she breathes her last, the pine, the hemlock, the mountain fir, and the laurel, shall twine together, and crown her withered brow with an evergreen wreath, which shall flourish through the long gloom of winter, like the bays of faith, which the Christian wears, untouched and untouchable by the hoar frosts of time. * * *

My dear friends! there is a charm in the mild days of autumn that tranquilizes my old soul, and mellows the heart down to the substance of a fall pippin! These days are fast gathering round us. Soon the glorious Indian summer will come, with breathless silence, to set the house of Nature in order, for she shall die and *not* live. Then, angels of mildness shall wave their blue handkerchiefs from the lower balconies of heaven, while the versicolored mountains, like dying dolphins, are mingling their crimson, yellow, and purple with the russet of the rocks. Then the partridge shall drum for joy upon his favorite log—the rabbit skip and dance upon the faded carpet of the grove—the little squirrel shell his nuts in contentment upon the hickory bough, and every creature rejoice that Providence deigns to favor it with a few glorious days of grace to prepare them for the long gloom of winter. Oh! the mildest day of autumn seems to coax heaven itself down to implant a rapturous kiss on the blushing cheek of earth, and send a thrill of ecstacy through the very heart of the universe!

Ladies Department.

Courtships.

'Militiæ species amor est.'—Ovid.

"Love is a kind of warfare," says Ovid; and he might have added, there are the same number of ways to win the heart of a lady, as to take a walled town from the enemy: viz. by storm, by seige, and by blockade.

A gallant assailant, with an army in high spirits, halts a few hours for refreshment, and gives orders for an assault. His forces advance with alacrity to the charge, place their ladders on the walls, and in a moment are in the heart of the city. The enemy, seized with consternation, make a brief and animated, but ineffectual resistance, and soon find their only resource in the mercy of the conqueror. So a gallant cavalier, armed in Cupid's panoply, with manners tempered in the school of the world, a heart full of confidence, and words full of flattery and fire, advances to one of Love's soft encounters; he penetrates at once into the citadel of the heart, and has it already garrisoned with his forces, before his opponent has fairly suspected his designs. In three days, he is engaged; in three weeks, is married. He has carried a heart *by storm.*

Another proceeds more regularly, according to all the recognized rules and well-established usages of ancient warfare. He makes love in form. He asks the lady whether or no his visits will be agreeable, and begs to know, from the mother, whether they will be permitted. He sits down before the place, draws around his lines of circumvallation, and gradually narrows his approaches, according to all the slow and cautious methods laid down by the most safe and experienced generals. This is much more sure than the former method, in attempting which a party may be repulsed with severe loss; but it takes time, and requires patience. The garrison at first, alarmed by this hostile show, but disposed to make a vigorous and gallant resistance; resolved, if possible, not to be conquered at all, but if overcome by superior force, at least to secure all the honors of war, and not to surrender at discretion; begins to find its supplies falling short. One or two occasional sallies are made, but at a great expense; the place must surrender, unless relieved; no relief comes from without, and it capitulates, after an honorable and protracted resistance, but not without making excellent terms. A lady so taken, is taken *by siege.*

Another general, finding all these means fail, converts the siege into a *blockade.* The lady laughs at his show of force. Strong in her own resources, she makes fun of every demonstration. But the assailant is animated by a strong principle of faith. On his flag is written, '*Perseverentia omnia vincit*;' and if perseverance or obstinacy can conquer, he is determined that he will. He is a veteran in warfare; or, if young, Nature has endowed him with nerves of steel. He makes light of obstacles. If the lady laugh at his preparations, he does not or will not see the magnitude of his difficulties.—Much time consumed, at length the lady accepts him, to get rid of his importunities; as the desperate suicide embraces death to get rid of trouble.—The assailant triumphs. The foe surrenders at discretion. The place is *starved* into a surrender.

Marriage.

BY PROFESSOR M'COWN.

No subject is more deeply fraught with the joy or anguish of the heart, the happiness or distress of families, the peace or misery of society, than marriage. It mingles its cup of contentment or sorrow with all our sensibilities; it pervades our natures, and all our relations to heaven and earth with its influence; and if we have been fortunate in our choice, hope has a buoyancy, the heart an emergency, and the arm a vigor, that, with unabating force, can struggle with life's varying prospects: but if unfortunate, our life has suffered an eclipse of deep and sombre shade; and, in the reality of misery, the heart relinquishes all its long-cherished hopes and ideal felicities, and asks for the refuge and solace of that divorce, which death alone can give.

In marriage, there should be a congeniality of affection, religion, and education. No lady should ever pledge her hand to one who has not her heart. From this principle she should not be seduced by wealth, or fame, or talents; nor misled by officious friends, or awed by the authority of mistaken parents. *Her* individual happiness is at stake, and her choice, which is to fix her destiny for life, should be, I do not say unadvised, but certainly, unconstrained.

There is too often *one* sad heart amidst the festive joy of the hymenial hour. That heart feels as if the decorations of the scene were *its* fillets for the altar of sacrifice. The hand, under foreign dictation and control, is yielded to one, but the heart has irrevocably fixed its choice upon another. As well might philosophers attempt to control the magic influence of gravitation, as parents attempt to waken and direct the chords of a devoted heart, by their own mercenary views. Fatal have been the consequences, when parental authority has compelled a merely licensed union, for which the heart feels a cherished disgust. The loveliest forms have thus sunk into an untimely grave, under the silent, but fatal influence of a withered and blighted heart. Whilst parents, who have thus married the *persons* of their daughters to houses and lands, and silver and gold, and thus immolated their affections upon the altar of Mammon, have committed an act of cruelty to their children, and a flagrant outrage upon the design of the marriage union, for which no future kindness or repentance can ever fully atone.

Women of Chivalry.

One of the most redeeming features of chivalry was the position it gave to the gentler sex. In all the nations of antiquity, woman was degraded, subjected to innumerable restraints, and made man's menial, or the slave of his passions. But now she assumed her true rank, and became his equal and companion, sharing alike his triumphs and his afflictions,—inciting him to exertion, calming his ruffled passions, and soothing his woes. Sentiment took the place of appetite; the poetry of love was at once created, bestrewing men's daily walks with new life and beauty. "It was," says Shelley, "as if the statues of Apollo and the muses had been endowed with life and motion, and walked forth among their worshippers; so that earth became peopled with the inhabitants of a diviner world. The familiar appearance and proceedings of life became wonderful and heavenly, and a paradise was created as out of the wrecks of Eden."

The great object of the true knight, for which he exerted all his prowess, was the favor of the maiden to whom he had vowed allegiance, and whose colors he wore. In the heat of the conflict his exclamation was, "Ah, if my lady did but see me now!" and her smiles were an ample reward. In this feeling has originated all that romance of chivalry, which makes it appear to us less a matter of history than a pleasant dream, and which serves to hide from us even yet its darker features. A new poetry was created. The old ballads, which were little more than the rude war-songs of barbarians, sometimes rising into almost epic grandeur, as in the famous German Nibelungen song, but always preserving their iron sternness, gave way to the glittering lays of courtly Troubadours and Minnesingers. These were welcome guests in hall and bower, singing of knightly exploits and the beauty and faith of ladies fair.

Fantastical as was the devotion they painted, and loose as was the morality they sometimes inculcated, their lays yet exerted a softening and humanizing influence upon society. The gallant knights learned to seek for favor by other means than feats of arms, and cultivated the gentler arts of life. They vied with each other in the brilliancy of their appointments, the richness of their apparel, and the splendor of their retinue. Luxury produced refinement. Gay tournaments were established, where they might splinter a lance in mimic warfare before the eyes of their ladies, charming them with their valor while they dazzled them with their magnificence. The splendor of these occasions, as described by contemporary authors, almost exceeds our imaginations, and the whole moves before us more like the pomp of scenic show than the realities of ordinary life. It is this aspect of chivalry that we are alone in the habit of regarding; and we have dwelt upon it till we have now come to consider its era one of gold, the carnival of time, when life itself was but a pastime, and mankind revelled in universal gayety, the dull cares of a weary world a while forgotten.

Religion in Woman.

Christianity has found its warmest devotee in *woman.* One has well said, that was "the Christian religion to be banished from the earth, its last altar would be the female heart." In that solemn hour, when Jesus cried with a loud voice and gave up the ghost—when the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom—when the centurian said, "Truly, this man was the Son of God," there was *woman* looking on afar off. When Joseph of Arimathea took him down from the cross, wrapped him in fine linen, and laid him in the sepulcher, woman was there, and watching, beheld where he was laid. When the Sabbath was past, and the morning of the first day of the week dawned on Judea, at the *rising of the sun* the two Mary's sought the sepulchre of the Lord.

Reasons may be drawn from the sphere in which woman moves, why she should treasure religion in her heart, as "the pearl of great price." She is destined to look upon the same objects, until, by their familiarity, they lose their charm, unless gilded by the unfading halo which religion throws over them. She, too, as a *mother,* a *sister,* and a *wife,* feels the tenderest sympathies of our nature, which renders her peculiarly susceptible to the high and ennobling feelings of religion.

Eight-and-Thirty.

Eight-and-thirty is a frightful epoch in the life of a woman of fashion. Hot rooms and cosmetics place it on a level with fifty in the lady of a country squire. The struggle between departing youth and coming age is never more awful! A little older and the case becomes too clear for dispute. At forty she gives up the field, allowing that time has the best of it. But for the five preceding years, those during which, though no longer pretty, a woman may still be handsome, the tug of war is terrific. A woman never prizes her beauty half so much as when it is forsaking her; never comprehends the value of raven locks till revealed by the contrast with the first gray hair; never finds out that her waist was slim and her form graceful, till she has been accused of *embonpoint.* Brother coxcombs! if you would have a proper value set upon your homage, pay your court to a woman of eight-and-thirty. The flutter of a little miss of sixteen is nothing to the agitation with which the poor grateful soul uplifts her head above the waters of oblivion in which she was succumbing.

Women in Europe.

In every country from Turkey upwards, woman has her certain place. In Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in England, in Scotland, and more than all, in woman-adoring France, I have seen her in instances without number, performing offices of hardship and notoriety, with which her heaven-given, womanly nature, seemed to me wholly incompatible. In Vienna, I have seen her making mortar, carrying hods, digging cellars and wheeling forth the clay; and there have I also seen females harnassed with a man, nay, with a dog, and once even with a jack-ass, to a cart, dragging the same through the most public streets of the metropolis. In Dresden, she saws and splits wood, drags coal about the city in a little wagon, and wheels eatables for miles through the highways to the market, in a large barrow. In England, it is well known, that her position is, generally speaking, less degrading than on the Continent. And yet in England her duties and vocations are confounded and mingled up with those of the stronger sex.

Farmers Department.

Pellows, or Skinless Oats.

Through the attention of Col. Joseph Cowdin, says the New York Farmer, a most attentive and useful member of the American Institute in this city, there has been forwarded to the Society, by the Great Western, a species of grain, called Pellows, or skinless Oats. The description accompanying it, says that it grows on the thinnest soil, and is very hardy. It will stand for a week or more without injury, after it is ripe, before cutting. It produces more meal than other grain, and better bran; and the straw is tougher than oats. The meal goes much farther in thickening water and milk, and is more nourishing. It was presented with the description, by Mr. John Harris, whom Col. Cowdin states is a practical English farmer. It should be remembered that the valuable papers from Mr. Hume, member of Parliament, came through the same thoughtful and valuable member of this same Institute, which elicited the remarks we made a few weeks since, on the expediency of protecting American labor against those countries which refuse a just reciprocal trade with us. Every American when abroad should devote some time to help on his native country in her proud career of improvement, and it should be the delight of those who remain at home to honor them.—General Tallmage has set a noble example, and we are pleased to see other members of the Institute following on. The seeds may be seen at the Repository by farmers, horticulturists, &c. who call, from whence small quantities will be distributed.

It will be tested the coming season by some of the best farmers belonging to the Institute.

Pruning.

It is the custom among farmers to do the pruning of their orchards at such times as is most convenient, or as they have been taught to do, without reference to vegetable physiology, or the best methods pointed out by nature. Some prune in the winter, many in this month, and perhaps May is as good a time as any, the summer months excepted. We think that July, or rather the interval that takes place between the formation of the flower and fruit shoots or buds, and that of the terminal shoots or buds, a period that lasts some three weeks, is the best time for pruning, and we advise those of our friends who have this work to do, to ascertain by experiment, what time gives the most healthy and vigorous wood for covering the wounds necessarily made in pruning.

Potatoes.

Potatoes may be planted from the time the ground becomes dry until June; but the late crops will not ripen as well as the earlier ones, or produce as good table potatoes. A moist soil, with abundance of vegetable mold, is the best for potatoes. If the ground is inclined to be wet, they may be planted on ridges; if to be dry, the cut will do the best in furrows. For the table, the Pink Eye Mercer, and Foxite are highly esteemed; for field culture, or for animals, the Sardinia, Long Red Merino and the Rohan, are most valued. The Rohan requires the whole season to mature, but is very productive and easily gathered.

Plaster.

May, in our latitudes, is the best month for sowing gypsum, and it should be improved fully. The use of it on corn, peas, potatoes, and particularly on clover, will amply pay the expense of procuring and sowing. The quantity per acre should be from one to two bushels; although a greater quantity can do no injury. Do not fear reducing your lands by the use of plaster; that was one of the errors of ignorance, and ought not to find any countenance among well informed men. It cannot be too often repeated, that plaster and clover are the grand means of enriching and fertilizing land.

The Peach Tree Worm.

The Western Farmer and Gardener gives the result of some experiments made to protect peach trees from the moth-like worm which destroys them. Tansy and wormwood were planted nearly in contact with the body of the tree, and kept off the worm as effectually as tobacco, camphor, &c., protects clothes from the moth.

[illegible]

PETERS PILLS

[illegible]

COUGH LOZENGES

[illegible]

WORM LOZENGES

[illegible]